

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

ther : I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth seemes to mee a sterill promontorie; this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this brave ore-hanged firmament, this majesticall roose fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece a worke is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in forme and moving how expresse and admirable! in action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; & yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

*Ros.* My Lord there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

*Ros.* To thinke my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Plaiers shall receive from you, we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Majestie shall have tribute of mee, the adventurous Knight shall use his foyle and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blanke verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

*Ros.* Eventhose you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

*Ham.* How chanceth it they travell? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

*Ros.* I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

*Ros.* No indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouthes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece for his picture in little: s'blood there is something in this more than naturall, if Philosophy could finde it out.

*A Flourish.*

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfen* come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashny, let me comply with you in this garbe, lest Plaiers, which I tell you must shew fairly outwa appeare like entertainment than yours; you and my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceived.

*Guil.* In what my deare Lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad North North-west, when otherly I know a hawke from a hand-saw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Harke you *Guyldenstern*, and you too, at rer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his

*Ros.* Happely he is the second time come to t. an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophecie that he comes to tell m marke it: You say right sir, a Munday morning 'tw

*Pol.* My Lord I have newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I have newes to tell you: whe Actor in Rome.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Pol.* Upon mine honour.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his asse.

*Pol.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tr History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comickall, Historica indevidable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ and the l the onely men.

*Ham.* O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel what a treasure

*Pol.* What a treasure had he my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter and no more, cl ved passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th right old *Jephtha*?

*Pol.* What followes then my Lord?

*Ham.* Why as by lot God wor, and then you passe, as most like it was: the first row of the pa